

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1921

Has Paris Gone Back on The Pretty Blondes?

BRUNETTE CHOSEN QUEEN OF QUEENS

Fact Is, Fair Haired Girls Are Still Regarded as "Most Beautiful Creatures on Earth," but They Are Very Scarce in France.

FRANCE'S FOUR MOST FAMOUS BLONDES.



By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

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AS Paris goes back on the blondes?

Stirred for once from their classic calm, golden-haired Gabrielle and blue-eyed Beatrice have been asking each other this fateful question since the recent cabling of the news that a BRUNETTE, Mlle. Vonne Beclun, has been chosen Queen of Queens for the Paris Carnival at Mid-Lent. More than that, out of the bevy of twenty-one queens, chosen from the twenty Arrondissements of Paris and the odd one from the members of the Paris fairs, only TWO—count 'em, two—of the lot are blondes. All the others are dark-eyed, dark-haired beauties.

Just how few tears American brunettes have shed over these findings, it is not for me to say. In fact, for the best of all reasons, I applaud and congratulate brunette Mlle. Beclun for her victory over the embattled blondes of the French capital. For a moment or two, I was even so credulously optimistic as to hope that in the city which always has been considered the world's connoisseur in feminine loveliness, the blonde at last was being judged and found wanting and the brunette was coming into her own.

Alas, I might have known better! In Paris, as in New York, as in the Troy of "Golden Helen," the blonde is still her own excuse for being, is still man's "ideal woman." And the only reason for the ranking of brunettes in the recent beauty contest for the Carnival is that blondes are so scarce in this world of ours.

I had this said—or, joyous, according as you are brunette or blonde—news of blonde popularity from a charming Frenchwoman, newly arrived in this country, Mme. Ballu. She is a connoisseur in all things beautiful, for she was appointed by the Mayor of Nantes to collect an exhibition of all the lovely things made in Brittany—the tapestries, lace, linens, paintings and other expressions of French artistic taste—and bring them to this country for an exhibition at the Institut Francais, No. 599 Fifth

GOING DOWN!

DEAR READER: A newspaper man is wonderful because he always considers the other fellow first. He looks at each individual as "a story."

Suppose you look at the next man to whom you apply for a job as though you were a newspaper reporter, who is always selfish.

I tell you right now that the strongest human emotion is SYMPATHY. Love is not an emotion; it is a scientific thing. Therefore, learn the great lesson of sympathy. Read the papers and see what stories grip you. See WHY they grip you.

A newspaper man always has a list of questions to ask a man to be interviewed—try this on the next man to whom you apply for a job.

And oblige,
ALFALFA SMITH.

Avenue. I found Mme. Caille at the Appraiser's Building, at the corner of Christopher and Washington Streets, patiently struggling to get her treasures "passed" for this exhibition, which is just opening.

"The Parisian, the Frenchman, ANY man," declared Mme. Caille, "believes that the blonde is the most beautiful creature on earth, and that all angels in heaven will be blondes. But in Paris, especially, the blonde is almost as scarce as she is precious. The typical Frenchwoman, you know, is brunette—olive skin, dark eyes, dark hair—brunette and petite. That is the Latin type. On two frontiers, the Spanish and the Italian, the native French brunettes have intermarried with the Italian brunettes, the Spanish brunettes, and the result is an intensified brunette beauty."

"In the North of France, in Brittany and Normandy, there are many blondes. Much of the artificial blonde hair comes from the heads of lovely peasant girls in this part of the country. They are greatly admired by their countrymen."

"The supremely beautiful woman, from the Parisian point of view, is the tall, stately, classic blonde with a Grecian profile and a regal bearing. Some of the most beautiful women the city has ever known are lovely blondes. There is the wonderfully lovely Georgette Leblanc, the first Mme. Maeterlinck. There is the woman whom I consider the greatest beauty in Paris to-day, Mme. Gabrielle Robinne of the Comedie Francaise. There is another radiant blonde at the same theatre, Mlle. Cecile Sorel. There was the late Gaby Deslys."

"But which do you yourself consider more beautiful, the blonde or the brunette?" I asked Mme. Caille. She really can be impartial about it. She said she liked both, but she liked a skin like a red russet apple. She is not a classic blonde, but neither is she a midling brunette. "Oh, I prefer the brunette type," she replied frankly. "It has so much more expression, animation, intelligence—in the majority of cases, I mean. There is a sparkle in dark eyes, a flush in olive cheeks, a vitality and warmth about the dark beauty which rarely characterizes the blonde."

"The brunettes, too, is usually much more loyal and affectionate than the blonde. The latter need be nothing else except blonde in order to please; she need not be witty or true or even passionate. Consequently, she often is not characterized by any of these qualities. She is cold and selfish and conceited. She permits men to adore her, whereas the brunettes know how to love. She would make a man much more happy—yet he follows the lure of the blonde as a moth follows the candle flame."

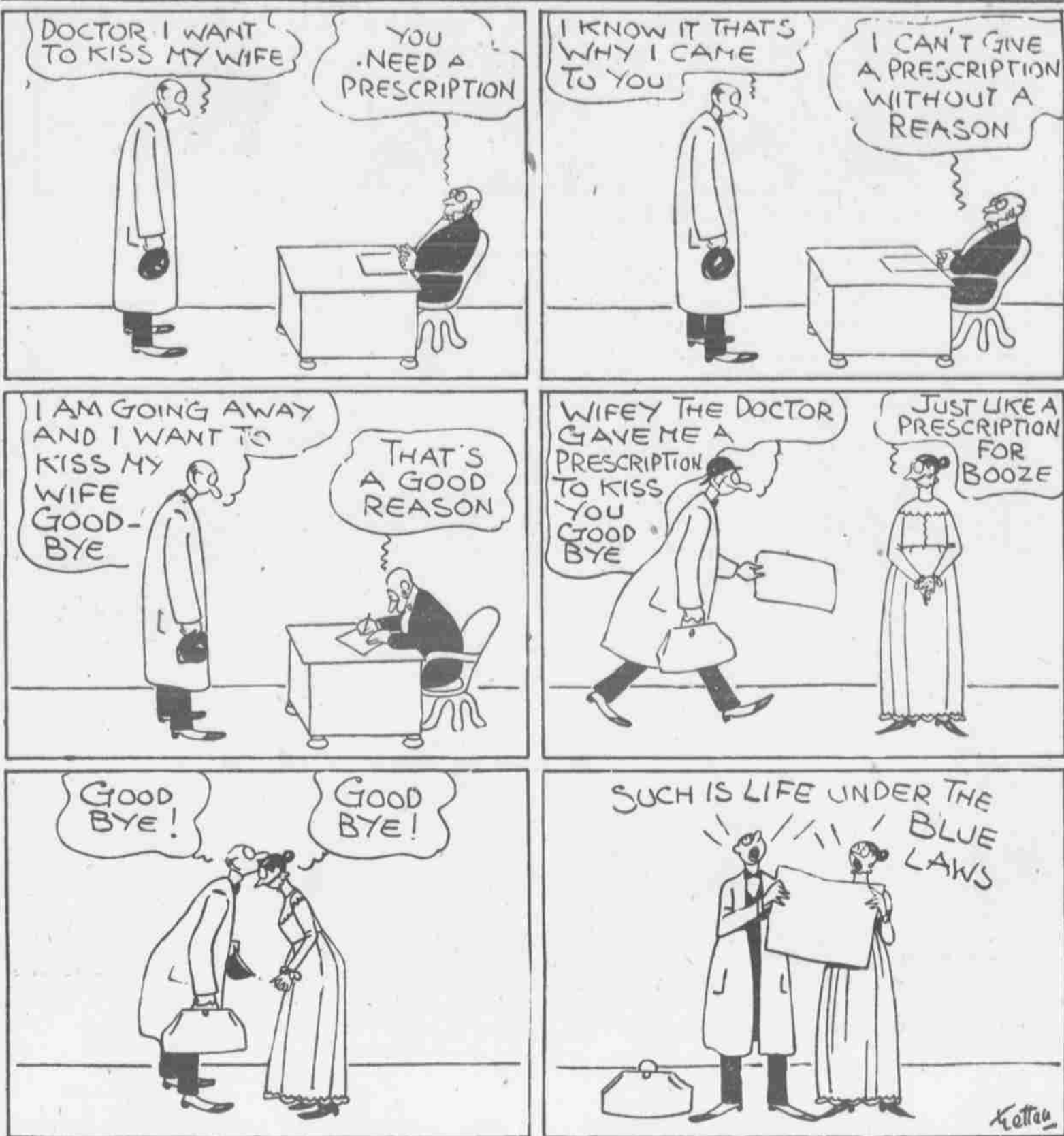
"Oh, we have our artificial blondes in Paris, as you say you have in New York," Mme. Caille smilingly answered another question. "But that sort of blondness is seldom a success, you know. The peroxide hair does not match the brunettes complexion and eyes and temperament. No, the brunettes had better accept the decree of fate and stay brunettes—even though you know that just as every child yearns for a doll with golden hair and blue eyes, so every man yearns for..."

"The same thing," I sighed. So good blondes. Like other good Americans, can still go to Paris when they die. And if we ever follow the advice of that distinguished American oculist who advocated the banishment of all blondes because they are so hard on the eyes—then, too, blondes made in America can find a royal welcome in the French capital.

Such Is Life!

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By Maurice Ketten



MAXIMS OF A MODERN MAID

MARGUERITE MOOERS MARSHALL

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JAZZ at parties is merely a musical substitute for the prohibited cocktail—and, according to all reports, does the work equally well.

Yes, Dorothea, the modern girl may be a terrible young person, but at least she doesn't read smuggled French novels and then assume in public the pose of a startled fawn.

When a man tells a woman, with hauteur, that there are "things no gentleman would do," she never knows whether he is proclaiming a faith or proclaiming himself a fake.

If the supply of reforms ever gives out, I propose that it be made a penal offense to say to any woman, "How poorly you're looking!"

To a man the perfect love affair is invariably a short story; to a woman the p. l. a. is a serial, "continued in our next."

How the short-haired, corsetless "freak" of other days must chuckle when her astral self catches a glimpse of the short-haired, corsetless darling of fashion to-day!

Why is it that a man will accuse every one in his household, including the bulldog and the canary, of having made away with an important letter—and then find it, after all, in his own pocket?

It's all very well to talk about equality between the sexes, but there can be no such thing so long as a fat woman is a tragedy and a fat man a joke.

To the average man the most appalling characteristic of the female mind is its long-distance record for remembering sins, slights and, worst of all, love passages.

If "the proper study of mankind is man," then you all have one guess as to the improper study which man finds vastly more interesting and entertaining.

MY DEAR: Does Your Hat Suit Your Form As Well as Your Face?

And Have You Noticed the Organdie Flowers Growing on Taffeta Frocks?

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MY DEAR: I promised to tell you this week more about hats, but first I am wondering how many of you select your hats in the right way. What I mean is, do you fit your hat to your head without consideration of your form? Really it is a pity that so many women do just that, which accounts for a person with broad hips and narrow shoulders wearing a small toque which may suit her features but accentuates her ill-proportioned figure. Which accounts for the fat, high-shouldered woman wearing a drooping brimmed hat, which shortens her neck, or the long, thin-necked girl, who should adopt the "mushroom" shape, choosing an upward flaring, brim. But I am not writing to preach a sermon—sufficient to say that a long mirror in which one's full length is reflected is necessary to the judicious selection of a hat.

Have you noticed how much henna, tangerine and nasturtium shades are

used this spring? I saw an adorable hat of brown Milan whose brim, slightly drooping, was wider at the sides to accommodate two huge flat orange roses, pressed tightly against both crown and brim. These roses were of organdie, which is only another exploitation of this fabric's extraordinary capabilities. It is, in fact, becoming the favorite companion of taffeta in frocks of novel charm.

Who ever imagined that such a stately fabric as black taffeta would welcome the society of American beauty red organdie as an undercurrent to its full tunic? It did just this in a beautiful afternoon frock I saw at tea the other day. The tiny sleeves were completed with bands of the organdie, and a narrow slashed opening in the front of the slim bodice also revealed it, while tiny strings made of it tied at the neck.

I noted another individual use of organdie, white organdie, in the form of flat poppies strewn over the lower portion of the slim bodice of a dark blue taffeta frock and trailing down the left side of the full skirt. The flowers were centered with blue French knots.

But to return to hats. Green is another of the season's favorite colors, not to mention the ubiquitous gray. Georgette and taffeta are employed as well as straw, and lots of fruit trimming arranged in clusters over each ear, or one ear, or further to the back against the hair. Flowers also assume this manner of decoration, lending more picturesqueness of effect than is ordinarily allowed in the street.

For the matron I saw a stunning creation of black straw with black glycerined ostrich laid off the side of the brim and dropping languidly on the shoulder, each feather weighted by and drawn through a black jet pendant bead. Another hat of distinction especially smart on the tailored woman who wore it on the Avenue, was a square crowned black straw shape, the crown draped with wide shiny black ribbon and through the narrow straight brim, a paddle of black satin was thrust on the left side. Violets are ever adorning in the spring, and almost synonymous as the lily of Easter, so that a trimming of them like I noted recently you may like to hear about. It was a round crowned dark blue straw hat which

garments that have become shiny through wear can be restored in appearance by a recently patented device that draws air through the fabric to raise its nap.

brim which was shortest, a round bunch of the violets was placed. It was simple, but smart and exceedingly fetching. Ribbon is employed extensively in ways that would take pages to tell about, but one of the prettiest is the graceful, luxuriant bows of it which spray out at the sides of small hats, or rest elegantly on the brims of large ones. Brown straw trimmed with brown satin ribbon is especially attractive if handled artistically.

MILDRED LODGEWICK.

Turkey Trot "Down on the Farm!"



THESE two New England children had heard of the turkey trot and wanted to see it demonstrated, so they got one of the farm gobs that survived the holiday season and harnessed him to their little cart.

"They are all gone. The old familiar places," "I don't know nothing about poultry or lamb," said Gus, testily. "You'd better talk to Bepher, the butcher, about them things. He wasn't put out of business like I was with my liquor store."

"That's what I was trying to say," Mr. Jarr went on. "But what are you doing these days?" "Well, I ain't no legbotter, violating the law, you can bet, so I ain't no use to ask me if I can get you any ginocchio bottles goods cheap. Every man what was in the retail liquor business is expected to be a legbotter these days, but you can bet if he is out of the business he is going to keep out. Me? I am a real estate man. I am providing people with homes where ladies and other women like your wife used to say I kept their husbands out of their homes. I wonder who they blame it on now?"

At this a very fat man sitting by Mr. Jarr remarked, seemingly to Gus, "How you was?" Gus looked out of the car window a long time and then replied: "I'm feeling rotten, Mayer, how you was?"

"The fat man shrugged his shoulders as though to indicate his health was beneath contempt. Then, some ten minutes later, he got up and got off the car. "That was my brother, Mayer; I ain't seen him in three years," remarked Gus. "So we hadn't anything to talk about."

"I should have thought you would have all the more to talk about in three years," Mr. Jarr observed. "Oh, my brother Mayer wouldn't talk much anyway if I seen him yesterday," said Gus. "He plays the clarinet in an orchestra—he can't talk while he is working, like he could if he played the drum or pianer. So he got out of being used to talking."

JOE MILLER

There Are Only 300,000 Jokes in the World, and Joe Miller Composed 42—The Rest of 'Em Are About Ford Cars—Joe Never Copped Another Guy's Joke, So You've Got to Give Him Credit—Which Is More Than His Rewriters Do!

By Neal R. O'Hara.

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THERE is only one man that never got blamed for pinching another guy's jokes. That's Joe Miller. Joe was to the wheeze industry what Shakespeare was to literature and Beethoven to chewing gum. He was the works. There are only 300,000 jokes in the world, and Joe Miller composed 42. The rest of 'em are about Ford cars.

Wheezewrights are more plentiful now than they were in Josephus's day. For every cliver that's assembled now, there are two guys born to make wise cracks about it. Each city has its towering wit and the villages have 'em in smaller sizes. Sometimes they're only half-wits in villages. Moulding gags is also an easier job to-day with Prohibition a juicy topic. Prohibition has made it easier to make up jokes, but a great deal harder to listen to 'em.

Little is known of Joe Miller's life except that he was born, brought up and got a wonderful funeral. It is likewise known he got married, and two days later released the first joke about mother-in-law. It was a big success. This mother-in-law wheeze has been told millions of times since, with many variations, but the mothers-in-law never vary an inch. They can always hit you in the same spot twice.

The first after-dinner speech was also created by Joe. It was in a fashionable Bowery cafe when Joe had unfortunately forgotten to bring his purse along. The after-dinner speech was delivered to the bouncer of the Bowery joint from an advantageous position in the Bowery gutter. The text of the speech has long since been lost, but it created much merriment for the spectators.

The first joke book of the Thin Dime series was likewise written by Joe. It had that one about the Irishman and the Jew and many other rip-roaring yarns. This volume may not be on the shelf that Doc Eliot measured with a yardstick, but it's positively in every collection that's measured by a slapstick.

If it wasn't for Joe, plenty of vaunderlife chaps would still be shifting scenery and most of us humorous guys would be back at the hardware counter. The book of every Broadway musical show was written by Joseph Miller. To-day there is only one difference between Joe and our snappiest dramatists. Joe Miller only wrote parlor stories. The modern drama guys write three kinds of stories—parlor, bedroom and bath.

Joe was the first to learn that brevity is the soul of wit. And many a wise-cracking humorist has resurrected the soul of Joe's wit, but it's hard to be brief at ten cents a word and that is the trouble with most funny guys.

But humor is higher in our day than Joe's. When the old boy himself was cracking gas, a kick in the trousers would get a laugh. Now you have to kick a guy in the face to start any kind of a chuckle, showing that humor, like all art, is going up higher.

However, give Joe Miller credit. He never copped another guy's joke. He never started his spiel with "I've just got a new one." And he never pulled a gag like: "You win the silk-embroidered lawn mower."

THE JARR FAMILY

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THERE was something familiar about the figure of the big man standing in the crowded street car, but it was only when the man turned around that Mr. Jarr recognized him as an old friend, Gus, who formerly conducted the cafe on the corner, a haven that perished with

Prohibition. "Why, hello, Gus. Gee, I'm glad to see you!" cried Mr. Jarr. "I didn't recognize you by your back, at first." "Ha! That's because you always got a front view of me when I was behind my desk. Then was the happy days," replied Gus.

"You bet they were," said Mr. Jarr, fervently. "Ah, to misquote Lamb's poetry: 'They are all gone. The old familiar places,' 'I don't know nothing about poultry or lamb,' said Gus, testily. 'You'd better talk to Bepher, the butcher, about them things. He wasn't put out of business like I was with my liquor store.'"

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